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The Smart Screen Magazine



SCREENLAND★

April

15c

20c in Canada



Lilian Harvey

WARNING
to
Hollywood
Stars!

See Page 20

Charles Shulberg
Bing Crosby's Real Life Story

IS MOVIE LOVE TOO REAL? LESLIE HOWARD ANSWERS!

Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell Tell the Truth
About Their Screen Reunion

(right) Some folks picture the life of an artist's model as mostly champagne parties. Nothing could be further from the truth. RUTH COLE will tell you that posing means long hours of hard work. Recently she had an opportunity to go to Hollywood but mother decided against the venture; so Ruth, who is only eighteen, smiles for New York cameras instead.



(below) DOROTHY DODD comes from Atlanta. She attended private schools in the south and topped off her education with travel abroad. Now she is in New York and following out a childhood ambition is entering upon a stage career. She trusts the care of her lovely teeth to Listerine Tooth Paste.



"A BEAUTY TREATMENT

for the

TEETH"

... say smart women



Why don't you try a tube?

Listen to the comments we receive about Listerine Tooth Paste: "Friends tell me my teeth glisten so becomingly." "My teeth have a lustre and sparkle they didn't used to have." "It is so easy now to keep teeth free from smoke stains."

These amazing results explain why already more than 2 million women have changed to this 25¢ dentifrice from costlier brands.

Listerine Tooth Paste does beautify the teeth surprisingly. Its modern polishing agent is swift in action. Long brushing is not necessary. Yet this modern formula is gentle—safe even for children's delicate enamel.

If you are worried by dull, "off color" teeth, by all means give Listerine Tooth Paste a trial. Note the quick improvement—how white your teeth look, how much healthier your gums feel. Your mouth is pleasantly refreshed—the same effect you associate with Listerine itself. And, remember, this dentifrice costs you just half as much as 50¢ brands. On the basis of a tube a month, that means you have a chance to save about \$3 a year! Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.



(above) The first picture of ETHELYNE HOLT ever published started a vogue for the hat she wore. She became known as "the girl who sold a million hats." But Miss Holt doesn't need a hat to photograph becomingly, as this portrait shows.

(left) NORMA WYCKOFF used to commute from her home in New Jersey to Teachers' College, Columbia University, and had firmly in mind a teaching career. Then recurring demands for her services as a model made her think she didn't want to teach and she took up posing as a profession. She is kept happily busy at it.



25¢

Removes film faster

The lies a mirror
can tell!



LAST night, when you were dressed and ready to go, a last look in your mirror showed you a picture that suited even you. You felt that *he* would be pleased, too.

And yet, somehow, he wasn't. His eagerness had cooled.

The trouble? The trouble was, your mirror lied to you!

It told you you were lovely. And you *weren't* altogether lovely.

For your mirror failed to tell you one important thing—that you had carelessly let the unpleasant odor of underarm perspiration creep in to ruin the effect of your lovely appearance.

Don't trust your mirror on this. The only way to be safe from this unseen danger is to make it *impossible*.

Mum! That's what up-to-date girls and women use. A quick bit under each arm and you're safe for all day.

Mum is perfectly harmless to clothing. And it's soothing even to a sensitive skin—so soothing you can use it right after shaving the underarms.

Remember this—in destroying the ugly odor of perspiration, Mum does *not* prevent the perspiration itself.

Trust Mum to keep your underarms always fresh, free from odor. Get Mum at any toilet counter. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.

**TAKES
THE ODOR OUT OF
PERSPIRATION**

ANOTHER WAY MUM SERVES WOMEN. Mum on sanitary napkins gives that assurance of protection which means a complete and comforting peace of mind on this old, old feminine problem.



SCREENLAND

The Smart Screen Magazine

DELIGHT EVANS, *Editor*

James M. Fidler, *Western Representative*

Frank J. Carroll, *Art Director*

Watch for Announcement of Big New Contest!

Your favorite stars have something for you—and we don't mean merely entertainment value! They will offer you very special inducements to enter the exciting new contest to be announced in the next issue. Joan Crawford—Marie Dressler—Jean Harlow—Clark Gable and others, will invite you to participate. See next month's SCREENLAND for further announcements.

April, 1934

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A SCREENLAND SCOOP!

BING!



Exclusive to you! Never before has the screen's foremost crooning actor permitted his authorized autobiography to appear. Intimate facts and recollections of his life are told here for the first time in any magazine

Many happy Crosbys! The small picture at the top of the page shows Bing as a tiny baseball hero. Below: when the boy grew older; then as a youthful diamond star; and finally, when he began his real crooning career.

Editor's Note: What has this Bing Crosby that makes him the hottest thing in the field of pictures, radio, and canned music? It isn't his looks because, although he has a pleasant face, there are handsomer men on the screen. It isn't altogether his voice because there have been singers who could put a song over as well. It isn't altogether his acting because there are equally deft farceurs. Perhaps it's a combination of all those things. Perhaps it's just Bing. At any rate, unable to figure out a satisfactory answer ourselves, SCREENLAND has persuaded Bing to write his life story for you, hoping that somewhere in the account of his travels, trials and tribulations, you will discover the secret of his charm.

DOES it smack of conceit to say that as a kid I used to dream of the day I should be asked for my life story? I wonder! Or does everyone hope that some day he'll be successful enough and important enough to have magazines and newspapers clamoring for interviews? I don't mean that I have reached that point. I only mean I wonder if that is what everyone longs for.

I'll be honest, at the risk of being considered egotisti-



My Real Life Story

By *Bing Crosby*

As told to S. R. Mook



Above, Crosby as a singing stripling squaring off to a ditty with a crooning pal.

Right, Our Hero gives an impromptu concert with the other Rhythm Boys.



cal, and admit I used to hope that would happen some day, although I must also admit I never had anything more than a forlorn hope that I'd ever be anything other than a little Spokane punk.

I used to treasure anecdotes, intimate, revealing incidents that I thought would look well in print, but now, as I sit here, trying to make a beginning I find that I'm just one of those muggs whose memory reaches no farther back than the day before yesterday.

Instead of bringing everything out into sharp relief so you can get a true perspective on your life, Time plays you dirt and dulls everything. Disappointments and heartaches that seemed so keen and all-important at the time, are either completely forgotten or are blurred to the point of actual inconsequence. And good times are magnified and intensified out of all proportion to the joy we had from them at the moment. Maybe it is better that we look back on the vista of years through rose-colored glasses. If we could live over the unpleasant things of life and feel them as keenly years afterwards as we felt them at the moment of their occurrence, I'm afraid we should all be pretty bitter.

For instance, I can remember how my mother used to take us all out to a lake every summer, during vacation. It was cheaper than staying in town where the seven of us would be pestering her for money to go to picture shows, for ice-cream sodas, for carfare and other incidentals every minute. We usually stayed a few weeks.

I've always been nuts about swimming and one summer I persuaded one of the ladies who ran the camp to give me a job carrying water and wood, in exchange for my food and board. By doing

(Continued on page 77)



Above, the Rhythm Boys before the mike. It was as a member of this trio that Bing began his climb.

Right, the girls get a break! When Crosby is cornered there's nothing to do but autograph his way out!





Maurice *Denies It!*

Give Chevalier a chance to defend himself! Don't condemn him until you have heard his side of the story! SCREENLAND, in the interests of fair play, asked the famous Frenchman to give us the inside facts. In all justice you must read his explanation

"no, no, no, NO!"

ONE day last fall a rich little nugget of scandal was dropped into the hospitable lap of Hollywood.

CHEVALIER BREAKS WITH LUBITSCH. CHEVALIER REFUSES TO WORK WITH MacDONALD. CHEVALIER SAYS HE'S BIG ENOUGH TO CARRY A PICTURE BY HIMSELF. CHEVALIER DISSATISFIED WITH LUBITSCH DIRECTION. CHEVALIER WILL NOT PLAY MERRY WIDOW IF LUBITSCH DIRECTS.

Tongues wagged and rumors flew. "What do you suppose happened? What's it all about? Why doesn't he deny it? How dreadful! How amusing! But Lubitsch and he were such friends, my dear. I have it on the best authority. Then he ought to deny it. They say he's jealous of MacDonald's success. But he couldn't be. He's not that sort of person. I met him once— But it's spread all over the papers and he hasn't denied it. So it must be true—" And so on and on and on through all the delightful variations the theme afforded.

Meantime Chevalier, blissfully unconscious, was speeding across the ocean for a well-earned rest in France. Three months later he returned to a hailstorm of questions.

"How about 'The Merry Widow'? How about Lubitsch? How about MacDonald? Why don't you want to play with MacDonald? What have you got against Lubitsch? Is it true that you said," etc., etc., etc.

"No, no, no, no!" cried Chevalier, aghast, bewildered, indignant, incredulous. "I have not said these things!"

"But you haven't denied it. You should have denied it. Why didn't you deny it?"—like a mocking chorus



Do you want to see Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald together again in "The Merry Widow"? We hope that by the time you are reading this, these two will be reunited on the screen. See what Maurice says!

heard in a bad dream.

I found him standing in the middle of his hotel room, his hands thrust deep into his trouser pockets, his eyes like those of a woebegone child who's been swiftly and suddenly kicked in the pants for no reason that he can discover.

"You know," he said, "I would swear in front of God—if I could meet God tomorrow—that I have not said these things!"

The effect of that interpolated phrase—spoken with utter simplicity and no thought of humor—was curiously moving, bearing witness as it did to the depth and honesty of his distress. So far as I'm concerned, I'd as soon take Maurice Chevalier's unadorned word for the truth of a statement as any oath sworn to before a bar human or divine. But it was easy to understand why he should have felt the need for emphasis. The legend had grown pretty firmly entrenched during his absence. And he hadn't—so they told him—denied it.

"How can I deny it?" inquired Maurice patiently, "before I have heard it? In America nothing was

A SCREENLAND SCOOP!

By Ida Zeitlin

in the profession to talk bad about someone. Besides, I would have to be crazy to even hint such a thing about Lubitsch. I owe him too much. It is

against my thoughts—it is against my feelings—it is as far from the truth as the earth from the moon—it—" he cast about almost desperately for some word that would adequately convey his feeling on the subject, then gave it up. "Well, anyhow, the proof is that from the boat to France I sent a letter and Charles Laughton sent a letter to Lubitsch, saying how we would be happy if we could work, the three of us, in a story Lubitsch has in the back of his head for Laughton and me. And I hope," he continued drily, "I hope I can say without praising myself too much that I am not the fellow who says behind a man's back I don't want to work with him and then writes him a letter that I do."

Deeply disturbed though he was, he spoke quietly, sitting still in his chair. He has none of the staccato gestures we have come to associate, rightly or wrongly, with the typical Gallic temperament. His feeling was apparent only in an occasional shrug, a tilt of the brows, a compression of the lips, a slight roughening of the voice.

"When I read Thalberg's wire, I wired back, telling him what I have said and what I have not said. Meantime there came a letter from Lubitsch, sent two weeks before. As I have not denied anything about those articles, he thought I was meaning them and answered something in the papers. Am I blaming him for that? No, a thousand times. I understand how he was hurt. I in his place would have felt the same. Then I wired him personally, saying exactly what I have said to Thalberg, and he sent me a very (Continued on page 83)



printed till I am on the boat—at least I have seen nothing. In France I do not read the American papers. At first—yes—at first I got all the clippings—from everywhere. I thought it would be nice, you know?—lots of fun—to read them. But in this clipping someone was saying I am a genius—in that clipping someone was saying I am the most terrible actor in the world. Well—" his eyebrows went up and he gestured helplessly, "—it drives me crazy. So—no more clippings."

His first intimation of what was going on came in a wire from Irving Thalberg to Paris, telling him he'd been quoted as saying he no longer wished to work under the direction of Lubitsch.

"It made me feel ashamed," said Maurice slowly, his eyes fixed on his interlaced fingers, "—like some poor beggar coming back to Paris. Why should I talk bad about Lubitsch? First, I am not



Did you believe those stories about Chevalier refusing to act again under Ernst Lubitsch's direction? Remember their triumphs as star and director of "The Love Parade" and "The Smiling Lieutenant"? Read what Maurice really thinks of Ernst!

Hollywood's Salute to Spring



"Come, gentle spring, ethereal mildness, come!" It's in the fragrant air, the budding trees, the balmy winds. And Hollywood extends its welcome—a welcome epitomized in this charming still of Janet Gaynor and Robert Young in "Carolina."

Their "Pet" Playmates!

She's a pet! Little Miss Shirley Temple, who became a movie star all of a sudden, is one of the proudest young persons in Hollywood. And next proudest is the Fox studio, which discovered her, put her in "Fox Follies," and has been congratulating itself since! Here's Shirley with Victor Jory, one of her humble slaves.



"This is no Scotch joke," says Helen Mack, as she teaches Hoot Mon, her Scottish terrier, how to take a proper pride in his personal appearance.



Springtime is playtime—and the boys and girls of film-land know how to choose their play companions

"Now I ask you," demands Genevieve Tobin, "how can I refuse him anything?" We don't know—not when her supplicator is this appealing youngster. Genevieve thought she was going to snatch a snooze on the grass—but her twin pups had other plans for spending the afternoon. Watch for Miss Tobin in "The Ninth Guest."



Here's a touching story! Penny, Heather Angel's kitten, is suffering from anemia, so Heather has to "build him up" with doses of sherry. Take your medicine, Penny!



Just a couple of interpretative artists! Irene Bentley, lovely screen actress, supervises little Mitzie's piano practice. Mitzie's learning to play a duet with herself.





Beauty of every kind outdoes itself in Spring! The leaves are greener, the blossoms gayer—and yes, the Hollywood girls look more gorgeous than ever! See for yourself!

"Let's Fall in Love" is the logical title for a picture involving Ann Sothorn, especially at this time of year. And that, by a happy coincidence, is the name of the film musical in which she is being seen.

Spring does right by Pat Paterson! With the coming of that bright season, Fox was so deeply impressed with her young charm and beauty that they forthwith placed her right in a leading rôle in George White's "Scandals."



*Haven't You Noticed—
The Girls Grow More Gorgeous!*



June Knight, once a cinema bud, shows she's in tune with the season by flowering into stardom. June's springlike name is co-starred with Russ Columbo's in "The Love Life of a Crooner."



Renewal is the keynote of Spring, and that sounds like a good idea to Arline Judge. So she proceeds blithely with her renewed screen career even more delightful than you knew her in the old.

Is it that vernal bloom? Florine McKinney has never been easier to look at than she is here, and that's praise!



And here's Marian Marsh, whose early ingénue acting you remember well. She's a more mature, more gracious Marian today.



— And The Men Are More Amusing!


In love with Nature, too! Francis Lederer, one of the most romantic of stage and screen actors, finds room in his heart for yearnings toward beauty botanical as well as feminine. And even Nature, which loves a lover too, seems to be returning his admiration.



The balmy season fills Eddie Horton with more than his usual agitation—and that's quite a lot of fussiness! But this clever comedian shows you here that he can be a pretty fetching fellow, too, when it comes to prepossessing looks.


Tullio Carminati, singer of gay songs and actor in romantic rôles, finds new inspiration in these delightful days. Have you seen him making love to Connie Bennett in "Moulin Rouge"?






New dash, new vigor, new spirit infuse the lads of Cinemaland when Spring puts on her gay attire. Behold some of Hollywood's handsomest, agog to greet the season

Otto Kruger, that gentlemanly actor, knows how to respond to the call of the rejuvenated outdoors. Trim and athletic in his golf sweater and knickers, he's as pleasing to the eye in this informal off-screen picture as in any of his posed stills or portraits.



Even "bad-man" Bickford softens in answer to the smile of the elements. Charlie, who so often appears before the screen public in the roughneck garb of the "tough guy," slicks up and looks pleasant for Spring's return.



Phillips Holmes doesn't need any special incentive for looking attractive—does he, girls? Yet there's an added appeal and new assurance in his look as he breathes in the Spring sunshine.

Our Own Spring Fashion Show

*All photographs by Wynn Richards,
posed exclusively for SCREENLAND,
courtesy of Fox Movietone News.
Additional gowns by Lord & Taylor.*



Here's a heavenly turquoise blue American lace gown with the smart high neck-line achieved by a scarf that crosses in the back and falls gracefully over the shoulders. A V back and short train are featured. Bergdorf-Goodman



Isn't this a picture! Stunning gowns worn by smart ladies! These advance Spring frocks are absolutely correct for formal soirées -satin, taffeta, lace, challis -take your choice!

A creation of luscious green taffeta with the new bustle effect, and a V neckline. In keeping with the quaint gown, a pair of dull gold bracelets, one on each wrist, and a gold leaf tiara, are worn. Lillian Sloane.

"The flowers that bloom in the Spring" inspired Reboux to ornament this elegant large black milan chapeau. Nicole de Paris.



For the first time a screen fashion show has been dedicated to a magazine! Moviegoers all over the country enjoyed Fox Movietone's glimpses of the new gowns in a SCREENLAND Fashion Show—and now we show you herewith, the complete review

SCREENLAND'S Spring style show was directed by Miss Vyvyan Donner of Fox Movietone News, and shown on the screens throughout the world.



Here are suggestions for that important Spring evening! The girls wearing these SCREENLAND fashion specials are famous New York models, each noted for good looks and chic.

This regal silver lamé evening suit with kolinsky fur demands that high tiara and stunning neckline. Ten Eyck.

Even Grandma will put the stamp of approval on this printed challis evening gown with its red velvet sash. A series of ruffles cascade from the knees into a train. Lillian Sloane.

Very 1840, my dear, but oh, so 1934!—this hat of lustrous navy straw trimmed and faced with piqué. Dache.





Hurrell

Speaking of **Springtime's Charms!**

DON'T overlook Fay Wray, whose fresh youthfulness and pervading warmth make her eminently suited to any vernal celebration. Fay, looking her most gorgeous, has been doing herself proud in serious rôles.

Ginger Rogers.



An unconventional portrait drawing by Charles Sheldon

the director on his accurate copies of the fantastic figures and grotesque characters appearing in the original drawings of Sir John Tenniel. I think even Lewis Carroll would have been delighted with the result.

Helen M. Watson,
57 Center St.,
Concord, N. H.

MARGARET IS BACK—IN "LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW"

Please don't let Margaret Sullivan leave Hollywood and the films! It is imperative that we see her again after her poignant characterization in "Only Yesterday." As far as I am concerned, her fine acting and delightful voice have combined to put all other actresses in the shade.

Mary Daniel,
18 Kennedy St.,
Hartford, Conn

A "WHOO" FOR WALTER!

Just a word in praise of Walter Huston. From "Abraham Lincoln" to "The Prizefighter and the Lady" his characterizations have always been superb. And to think he was once a song-and-dance man! It was a fortunate day when this talented artist was persuaded to enter motion pictures!

Arthur Keller,
109 Shippen St.,
Weehawken, N. J.

HE'S AN OLD SMOOTHIE!

I like Franchot Tone—his natural manner, his well-modulated voice. He seems actually to be living every part he plays. And the first thought that comes to you when he strides into the scene is, "Well, here's one actor who looks as though he's at least read a book!"

Marcia Feldman,
1034 Lanier Blvd.,
Atlanta, Ga

My Real Life Story

Continued from page 19

that, I could stay out there after the rest of the family went home. At the time I suppose I felt a little rebellious over having to work for things other kids' families could afford to give them without their working for it. I suppose many times a tear or two splashed into a bucket of water as I trudged from the spring to the camp pondering over the cruel fate that forced me into being a human water-wagon when I would much have preferred being a human dolphin.

But the tears, the water-buckets, the cords of wood I chopped are all forgotten now and I can only remember the joy of those weeks when it seems, in retrospect, that I worked very little and played a great deal. I can still recall the pride I felt when I first perfected a jack-knife, a front flip, a back flip and a half-Gainer.

The chagrin and heartache I felt the next summer when I worked as locker boy in the municipal swimming pool—the humiliation I felt when I entered a swimming meet and none of my family except my mother bothered to come to watch me because they thought I had no chance of winning and so refused to get excited about it—those things are forgotten although I know I must have felt them keenly at the time. I can only remember the intense pride and excitement Mother and I felt as we burst into the house that night carrying the medals I had won—six firsts and two seconds.

I don't remember school as a sort of



JANE FROMAN

Lovely Singer of 7 Star Radio Revue and Ziegfeld Follies
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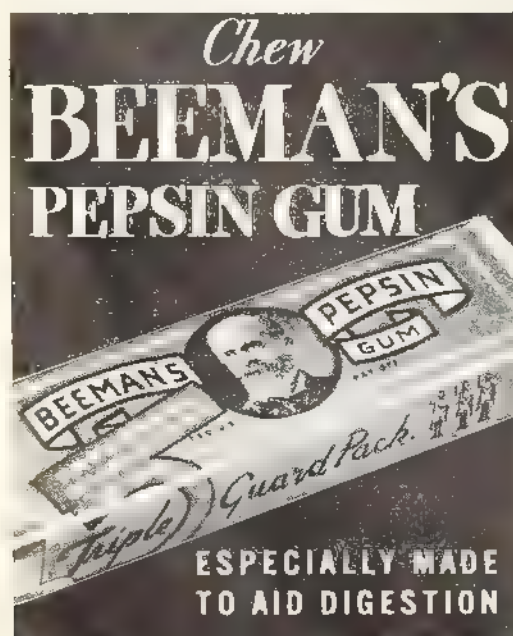
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VIGOROUS!... ROBUST!... JUBILANT!
All outdoors can't hold you when digestion is good, when jabs and stabs and twinges aren't cutting down your spirit and efficiency.

Beeman's helps keep digestion honey-sweet. It is smooth, mellow — especially made to gently stimulate digestion.

Beeman's is so pleasantly healthful! Its beneficial qualities are matched by a flavor that's cool, fresh, and exhilarating. A flavor that tempts your taste—a flavor kept unfailingly fresh by the amazing new Triple Guard Pack.

Try Beeman's today! Smell its aromatic freshness as you puncture the airtight wrap. Enjoy its genuinely fine flavor. And chew it regularly for its mild, pleasant aid to digestion.



prison. I can't say that I recall jumping up and down, clapping my hands and yelling "Goody" when summer was over and it was time to go back to studying, but I remember having a pretty swell time in school.

But I guess I should quit trying to talk about the things I don't remember and tell you of the things I can recall.

I've always been blessed with a good memory—for some things (*not* anniversary dates and things I *should* remember, however) so my lessons never gave me much trouble. If I read them over once or twice I knew them well enough to get by and get pretty fair marks in the bargain. And, like all kids, I suppose, I used to try to see how much I could get by with in school. The first week of each semester was devoted to sizing up the teacher. Some of them would stand for a lot—others very little. Most of them seemed to like me because I usually knew my lessons, so, for the most part, I got away with murder.

One teacher, in particular, I recall was a quiet, mousey little thing. Young and rather pretty. She had a swell disposition and I took advantage of it to the point of driving her to distraction. I've always liked to kid and clown and I used to keep the room in an uproar. She kept me after school and pleaded with me several times that because I learned easily didn't mean that everybody did and I was interfering with the other pupils. That meant nothing to an eight or ten year old kid and I've always been as stubborn as a mule. I wouldn't come to time.

So she went to the principal and that dignitary sent for Mother and laid the facts before her. "Punish him," Mother told them. It wasn't until years later I discovered that my own mother—whom I'd loved and trusted—was responsible for the shellacking I got the next day. But I was a pretty subdued boy for the rest of that term.

The next year I was in the room of a teacher who was known all over town for leaning more to rulers and yardsticks than to pencils. "How are you and Miss — getting along?" Mother asked me once.

"O.K.," I answered. "A guy'd be a fool to start anything in *her* room."

Years later when I was in Gonzaga College I was still trying to get away with everything I could. The day I enrolled there I'd sidestepped some of my chores at home and Mother was none too pleased. "Just you wait," she threatened. "Father Canale and Father Werner will slow you down."

Those two fathers were famous all over the northwest for being disciplinarians of the old school, and I had no intention of crossing them. "That's what you think," I answered. "Those birds'll be lucky if they even lay eyes on me!" And, in the five years I went there, I never had a single run in with either of them!

I mentioned awhile ago that I'm stubborn as a mule. It's true, alas. And there's something else, as well. It isn't one of my traits to which *Vanity Fair* would point with pride, but it's one of my dominant characteristics and, as such, I guess, has a place in a life story. I just can't be bothered with people whom I don't like. And when I don't like people they darned soon know it. Try as I will I can't conceal it. I'm just no good at dissembling. When they're around I sit there with a half-sneer on my pan or else leave the room entirely when they enter.

There was a father at Gonzaga who taught French and I still contend the guy was a squirrel. I just couldn't force myself to study for his classes. I was working my way through college and mother

used to try to reason with me and say, "You're paying for something you're not getting, when you don't study." But it made no difference to me. I comforted myself with the thought that I was showing him up for a bad teacher when I wouldn't learn in his room. I had my mind all made up that as soon as I got out of there I'd study like the dickens and the next teacher would get a raise on the strength of the brilliant showing I made in *his* room after the poor one I'd made in the squirrel's.

But I'm getting ahead of my story. There were seven of us children. Larry, Ted, Everett, me, Catherine, Mary Rose and Bob. We lived in a big, rambling white frame house. My father must have been hard put to it at times to pay the rent, the butcher, the baker and candlestick maker—to say nothing of the cobbler and clothier. But, somehow, there was always plenty to eat and we were always decently dressed. In fact, my mother was a right handy person with a needle and my sisters were just about the best dressed girls in Pullman, where they went to school. I used to protest to mother that there was no sense her working herself to death sewing for them—that nobody expected them to be so well-dressed and there was no sense to it. As long as they had nice clothes that was enough. But Mother just used to smile and go on sewing.

With all the expense my Dad was under it was small wonder there was no surplus for spending money for us kids. We were given to understand at a pretty early age that we'd have to get out and dig for any extras we wanted. Movies, dates with girls, baseballs anything in the line of recreation we wanted, we had to earn.

I can hardly remember the time I haven't been working at something. My early summers are a kaleidoscopic succession of jobs in my mind's eye. I sold newspapers, magazines, picked fruit, worked in the post office, at the swimming pool, and one year during the winter I worked as janitor in a club for down-and-outers. There were numerous other jobs that elude me at the moment.

Since I've begun to make a little money there is a general and widespread belief in our family that I've always been my mother's favorite. It's true she always encouraged me in anything I wanted to do and she was usually on hand to give me moral support in anything I wanted to do, but she never excused me from any of the jobs I was supposed to tend to around the house. There was no reason for her spoiling me. I wasn't the oldest nor was I the youngest. I was just one of the gang.

I think if she had a favorite it would be Larry. Larry is the oldest and while we're all devoted to our mother, I think Larry was and is, more considerate of her than the rest of us. He did much more around the house than he was supposed to—just so it would take that much more off her shoulders. In addition to that, he saw to it that the rest of us did our chores. He was a lot harder task master than Mother. It would be strange if she didn't appreciate all he did for her.

Personally, I've never cared much for housework and I'm ashamed to say that if there was any chance of ditching it, I never had any qualms about sneaking out without chopping wood, sweeping the sidewalks, mowing the lawn or doing any of the other things planned for me.

I've found on talking to people that they are greatly interested in the disciplinary measures employed to keep me in line. I must confess I can't speak with authority on that subject. As I mentioned, time dulls one's memory. It seems to me

I was always out in the wood-shed for a session with Dad and his razor strop. In fact, I'd almost wager money that the reason I'm so fond of easy chairs today is that seeking a chair with a soft cushion after those excursions to the wood-shed became such a frequent necessity it grew into a habit!

My mother, on the other hand (and she insists she has an excellent memory for details), stoutly maintains that I was seldom actually punished and that the measures taken to "slow me down" as she puts it, usually ended with threats.

On one thing we're agreed, however. My table manners during those years must have left much to be desired. I've always maintained that food was invented to be eaten and not toyed with. I never could see any reason for pretending you don't care about it when you're starving. I have an aunt who used to visit us occasionally and she was always after my mother to whale hell out of me on account of the way I ate. She said it "nauseated her."

I firmly believed good manners around home were a waste of time—sort of like spraying perfume on the desert air—and that when I got out I'd know how to get the food down the gullet without disgracing the family. I *have* learned, too. It's got so now when we're invited out, half the time my wife doesn't even glance at me to see if I'm using the right fork.

There is one other all-important subject in my life that should be touched upon. **MONEY.**

I've told you how, at a tender age, it became incumbent upon me to get out and dig for myself. Well, that taught me an appreciation of money. I've never learned the value of it but I've learned that it's something no young boy can afford to be without. I've been pretty lucky, I guess. Until comparatively recently I've never had more than I needed but, somehow, there has always been enough to permit me to do the things I wanted.

This lack of understanding on my part is the cause of many an argument in my home today. If Dixie, my wife, spends \$175 or \$200 on a dress it seems to me like sinful waste—N. R. A. or no! On the other hand, when I lose five or six hundred over the gaming table (as has happened occasionally), it upsets her because she can't forget what *she* could have done with that much. I, on the other hand, argue that she shouldn't let it upset her because I swear I never go in there *expecting* to lose that much. In fact, I go in with my mind firmly made up to win. So I'm forced to the conclusion that the loss of a tidy sum like that is directly attributable to an Act of God, an accident, or something, whereas the dress was purchased with malice aforethought.

My mother and I used to have much the same kind of argument when I was small. She was always prominent in church work and, invariably, when they got up socials and things, she'd want me to sing for them. I maintained that if I could sing well enough to be entertaining, I could sing well enough to be paid for it. She was hesitant about asking the various church committees to pay her son, so it usually ended by my forming a quartet and instead of having to pay only me, they had to pay four of us!

I dunno! Maybe money is the root of all evil. But if it hadn't been for wanting money I'd probably have stayed in Spokane the rest of my life. You'd never have heard of Bing Crosby and I'd never had got the thrill that comes from writing "Continued next month!"

(Watch for the next instalment of Bing Crosby's own life story in the May issue of SCREENLAND)



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KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

Maurice Denies It

Continued from page 33

kind answer, telling me how he was happy that the thing was not true. So I wiped the sweat from my forehead, because—"he informed me gravely, though his eyes held the first glint of a smile I had caught in them that day, "—because emotion always makes me sweat, and I said, thank God this is the end of a bad story. But I was too fast," he finished ruefully.

He *had* denied it then. But the papers must have had other fish to fry by the time the denial came, and reconciliations are notably less interesting than quarrels. If the denial was given any space at all in the press, it wasn't sufficient to correct the false impression already stamped on the movie public's mind. The mention of Chevalier's name was still likely to be greeted with an accusing: "But he said he wouldn't work under Lubitsch. And he doesn't want to play with Jeanette MacDonald."

As a matter of fact, he said neither of those things.

"I have said," he explained, speaking clearly and deliberately, "that I want to develop in my art, if—" he added with humility, "—you can call that an art. I have said I want to do something new, to have something solid under the feet, something on which I can—I can *repose*. I am not trying to knock my head on the wall. I know I am not Barrymore. But I started as a red-nose comedian and if, after that, I can do 'The Love Parade,' it must be that I have the possibility to develop—I hope.

"But with always the same type of story, how can you develop? And when you are under contract to a studio, it is very difficult, this question of stories. You sign for two years, with an option for another year—and another—and another—all right. So you have to play five years till you are at the end of your options. When they have a great story, they are only too happy to give it to you—with both hands—here, take it. When they have none, still they must use you. You know they are trying to do their best for you. So, not being enthusiastic, still you try to kick yourself into it. And to kick yourself into an enthusiasm—it is the same as to drink flat champagne.

"'The Love Parade'—'The Smiling Lieutenant'—'One Hour With You'—they were all different from the parts I played in France, and I was pleased to do them at the time *because* they were different. I was pleased with the first part of 'Bedtime Story' because it was different—and with parts of every picture I have played. Other parts—no. Now I want to do something else, which is normal. I don't want to be marked as a type. After all," he exploded in a sudden snort of disgust, "should a man go on all his life just trying to be cute?"

I might have been tempted to answer that rhetorical question, if a severe glance hadn't warned me to skip it.

"But," he continued hastily, "if I have said that I want to do something different from all I have done before—with Lubitsch or another—is that to say I will not work under Lubitsch? On the contrary, I have shouted not once but many times—as soon as Lubitsch will have for me a story I like, a story where I will feel in my shoes, I will run to do it with him. And if I have said that when a man and a woman play too many times together they are marked down for a team, is that to talk bad about Jeanette? Then it is as much to talk bad about myself. Some actors work as teams. Lunt and Fontanne is a team. MacDonald and Chevalier is not a team. And I have said—and I will say the same until I die—that if two people

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who are not a team play too often together, it begins to have no kick for them and no kick for the public, which is not fair for Jeanette and not fair for me. This is what I have said. This is all I have said. First, that I want to play a different kind of part. Second, that I do not want to be marked down as half of a team. Lord," he cried, his blue eyes kindling, "if I can't say that, then what must I do? Just walk on my knees?"

He rose and walked—on his feet—the length of the room. By the time he reached the other end he'd recovered his serenity.

"So—now to talk of something pleasant. I have this time two stories that I like. 'The Merry Widow' with Lubitsch. That already smells great, eh?" he beamed. "And then I go to London to do a picture called 'Monsieur le Maréchal' with Korda. Alexander Korda, who did 'Henry the Eighth.' Also not a lemon, what do you think? Then? I don't know. Then I will see how I ride my bicycle.

"Who will play with me in 'The Merry Widow?'" He raised his hands in self-defense. "Please don't ask me. First, it looks as if I have the right to say I want this and not that and not that. Which is far from the truth. I will play with whom Thalberg and Lubitsch decide. They know all the angles and I put them above my judgment. Only this I will say and I cannot say it too strongly—if they decide that Jeanette is the one for the part, then with all my heart I will play with Jeanette."

He eyed me speculatively for a moment. "Maybe I have again talked too much, eh?" he inquired a little anxiously, then broke into a grin. "If you don't talk, then you are dumb or high-hat. If you talk,

then see what happens. Always you are afraid to say the wrong thing. Maybe now they will think I am talking against the papers. I am not. I know that sometimes, without meaning to say something bad, I don't make myself quite clear. If I could talk English as I talk French, it would be simple. Then, if someone would misquote me, I would say: all right, I must not talk with that fellow again. This way I think maybe it is my fault—not my fault exactly, either, you understand—but the fault of my English. Because I cannot twist it to my will, it comes out as if I am insulting someone I admire and like.

"It makes me feel so terribly sad and sorry," he said, his face clouding again, "that such a thing should happen in a country where people have been so kind with me and where I have tried always to behave well."

Like a courteous guest, he refuses to load any share of the blame on those whose country he is visiting. But it seems to me that the guest deserves at least equal consideration with the host. Granted that his original statement was genuinely misunderstood, it might have occurred to some of us that there was a nigger in the woodpile, since said statement hardly bore the Chevalier hallmark. We might have gone to the trouble, before spreading it broadcast, of asking him: "How about it?" And without hurting ourselves overmuch, we might have given his repudiation a tenth of the space so lavishly bestowed on the things he was supposed to have said and didn't.

We're sorry too, Maurice. There's nothing to say now but excuse it, please, and we'll try to behave as well in the next crisis as you've behaved in this one.

Marshall vs. "Bart"

Continued from page 34

hopefuls from fourteen to four times that in forays for photographs and autographs. Mr. Marshall obliges very graciously. But he wishes Bart weren't so excited. He wishes that Bart's heart would stop pounding so audibly. Won't that boy Bart ever get over being touched and humbled by adulation? As a business man, Mr. Marshall is the better of the two.

Paramount wanted them to go to Hollywood to work in pictures. Bart said yes. Mr. Marshall said no. They had a contract with Gilbert Miller. They were playing in "There's Always Juliet." The picture offer would have to wait.

Paramount asked Gilbert Miller to figure out his profits for the next five weeks. Gilbert Miller sent Paramount a pretty fat figure. Despite its size, Paramount wrote out a check to Gilbert Miller for the full amount, and down came the curtain on the show. And Bart and Mr. Marshall went off to Hollywood together.

Mr. Marshall liked Hollywood. Bart just loved it. It was thrilling, luxuriant, restful. It was the top of the hill at last. They both remembered London, so far behind them, where Bart had been born. They remembered heartaches and hardships. The climb had been steep. They remembered every moment of the long journey since that memorable May dawn when Bart had popped into the world. They remembered Bart's prosaic childhood. They remembered Bart's gruelling college days. He was not a rich man's son. When he graduated, he became—oh, no, not a King—but a clerk who went to work for a firm of accountants.

Bart could not add or subtract to the queen's taste so they fired him. He got

another job. He was fired again. And again. As a clerk, Bart was a flop. No one dreamed then that Bart would ever grow up and become the Herbert Marshall of London, New York and Hollywood.

One night, a theatrical manager offered the discouraged young clerk a job with his troupe. Bart accepted laconically. He served as assistant stage manager. For a long time, he was committed behind the bars—of the box office. He went in and out with road companies. He played every part back-stage—except that of actor. He was forced into acting against his will. The Management (with a capital M) had decided to economize and the manager (with a small m) insisted on casting Bart as a servant. He played the part of a servant. He played a count. A coat-tree. A butler. A background. A king's army. The fore-legs of a horse. A sailor. A soldier.

For a long time, he did not earn much money. But he had all sorts of experience which was worth much more than money. He acted in repertory and in stock. He toured the road. He played Shakespearean rôles. He filled a variety of parts and the parts filled him, rounding out his elbows and his angles. He spent his time thinking, building, dreaming, studying the technique of other actors, correcting his own and demanding to know when he was going to stop being a nobody and start being a somebody.

As yet, he had had no experience on the London stage. His first real opportunity came through Cyril Maude. The bit called for a nervous man. He was perfect for the part. He was so nervous during the audition that Cyril Maude could not hide

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BY PATRICIA GORDON

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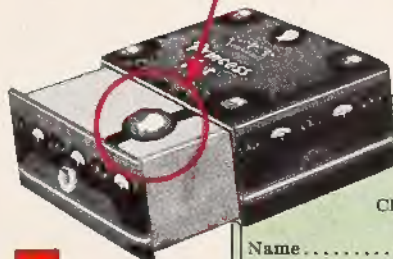
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
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